

COLEMAN MINER

AND CARBONDALE ADVOCATE

Volume 3, No. 4.

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, January 28, 1910

\$2.00 Yearly

You Can Easily Decide

on which to give your friend for a

Christmas Gift

if you examine our stock of Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies.

PIPE—No. 1 quality Vienna Meerschaum, from \$1.00 up.

Cathedral Pipes, from \$1.50 up.

We have a large stock of Cased Pipes, including the popular brands of D.B.R., G.B.D., Peterson, E.A.M., etc.

CIGARS—In beautiful boxes, specially put up for the Xmas trade. Among our leading brands are Noblemen, Chamberlain's, Prince Rupert, Lord Temryson, Irving, Doros, \$1.00 up.

CIGAR & CIGARETTE HOLDERS—Gold Mounted with No. 1 quality amber, from \$1.50 up.

CIGAR CASES—We have a fine assortment in this line and the prices are right.

TOBACCO JARS—This is a very nice and appropriate gift \$1.50.

COMPAGNIE S. W.—We have them at all prices. Excellent value in all tobacco Jars, Ash Trays, Pouches, Match Safes, Cigarettes, Tobaccos.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

Soap Sense

In buying Toilet Soap two important factors should be considered

First—Purity.

In selecting our stock we have made a specialty of obtaining only the purest vegetable oil soaps, which do not irritate the skin and which insure a good complexion.

Second—Odor.

Our soaps are perfumed with the most delicate flower oils. They speak for themselves AND WE PACK THEM UP.

Pure Castle Soap 20c per lb.
Infants Delight, 3 bars, 35c. per box
La France Rose, 3 bars, 25c.
Vestal Violet, 3 bars, 25c.

We still have a few Toys and Doilies left, which are going at less than cost.

R R Webb
Druggist & Stationer

Prescription Specialist

—Agent The Oliver Typewriter

Coleman, Alta.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2a Street
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Palmer & Thomson

BARRISTERS, ETC., NOTARIES PUBLIC

Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of Commerce

COLEMAN AND BLAIRMORE

Blairmore every Thursday.

Cabinet Cigar Store

AND Barber Shop

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of

Tobaccos, Cigars, pipes and Fancy Goods for Smokers, at the very Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

M. E. GRAHAM, Prop.

GUS MALATINKA HANGS HIMSELF

A Slav Throws Away His Life in an Outhouse in Slav Town

The community was startled on Tuesday to hear the report that Gus Malatinka had taken his own life. For some days he had been watched by the members of his family as his actions tended to cause them to grow suspicious. The evidence at the inquest failed to bring out any particular reason why he should so violently snuff out his life but it is believed that his mind was changed.

On Tuesday he arose to go to work at the mine but in a few moments he changed his mind and went to bed. An hour later he awoke and dressed and went out and asked his son for a shot gun. The son referred and Malatinka stated that when he got one he would make short work of the whole family. He then went to a neighbor and asked for a revolver and was again refused. Falling in at the returned home and sought other means to end his life.

His son by this time had grown suspicious and went in search of his father. In a short time he found him hanging in the woodshed, using a clothes line for a rope. The son immediately cut him down and sent his son for a shot gun. The son referred and Malatinka stated that when he got one he would make short work of the whole family. He then went to a neighbor and asked for a revolver and was again refused. Falling in at the returned home and sought other means to end his life.

Coroner Disney immediately convened a jury consisting of D. J. McIntyre, foreman, A. M. Morrison, W. Pearson, H. A. De La Maler, O. Ouimette and A. Paterson. The verdict rendered was for suicide.



T. B. BRANDON

Who is about to assume full control of The Foothills Job Print & News Co.—One of Coleman's enterprising young men.

SURPRISED AT COLEMAN'S GROWTH

A. Louniquist, of the Louniquist Sharp Co., of Spokane, who associated with Sharp & Irvine of that city, paid a visit to Coleman on Monday. "Coleman seems to have grown out since my visit here last," said Mr. Louniquist. "The Coleman hotel has been improved, and taking it all the way around, you have the starting of a good little city here. Lethbridge is the city that we are paying attention to at the present time and I can conservatively predict that it will have a population equal to what Calgary now has in but a few years from now."

Lethbridge, Alberta, is the most talked of city in our part of the country and judging from the capital going in there I would say that the development and growth of Lethbridge will be phenomenal. For myself I can say that we thought so much of Lethbridge that we recently purchased a subdivision inside the city limits, investing the sum of \$25,000. I am on the way there now and expect to make another investment before I go back to Spokane. Real estate values in Lethbridge are on the jump and this spring things will be very lively. The man that buys now will reap the benefit.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by dealers everywhere.

British elections result so far give liberals 231, laborites 33, nationalists 74, unionists 233. Nationalists control the balance of power.

Happenings of Interest In and Around Coleman.

Baby Price is very ill.

Alexander MacLean is confined at Mr. Sadler's.

John Nathan paid Coleman a business visit this week.

Born—On the 23rd inst., to the wife of Edward Eacott, a son.

Mrs. D. J. Hill has been seriously ill the past two weeks but is now improving.

D. J. Hill is contemplating making an extended trip to the old country in the near future.

Lorne Campbell, president of the McGillivray Coal & Coke Co., was in town this week.

The Helping Hand Brotherhood are going to help a literary society which is a splendid step in the right direction.

R. D. Duggan, manager of the Great Western Coal Company, of Taber, Alberta, was a visitor to Coleman this week.

There will be a regular hockey match next week between the regulars. Every Coleman should be there.

The little daughter of Mr. McKeegan, the new treasurer and accountant of the L.C.C. Co., is recovering after a sharp illness.

On Monday John McLeod was injured in the mine by falling rock whilst taking out old timbers. He broke his collar bone.

The Coleman Miner will be sent next week to every subscriber of the Cowley Chronicle. This will benefit the advertisers of this paper considerably.

John Nathan left on the 20th for Princeton, B. C., where he intends to take a course in horticulture before returning to Princeton, B. C.

A. H. Carr, inspector for the Hudson Bay and Calgary insurance companies paid Coleman an official visit this week. H. G. Gate, the local representative, introduced Mr. Carr to the business men of the town.

The new Church of England at Cowley was formally dedicated to religious services on Wednesday last. His Lordship, Bishop Pinkham conducted the dedication services, the clergy of the district being also present for the occasion.

P. A. Poulsen, who was once a mining magnate of Coleman, is in town this week. Mr. Poulsen is busy erecting a \$100,000 saw mill at Kitchener, B. C. When this mill is completed it will be the most modern in that section of the country. Every labor saving device that is now known is being installed.

Will trade for coal stock, twenty acres of land on banks of the Columbia near Trail. This land is within ten minutes walk of the refinery and will make a splendid chicken ranch. Is excellent for berries or fruit. \$100 per acre, or will trade for any good coal stock. Address Land Co. of this office.

MARRIED—Charles W. Garner, of Michel, International board member of the U.M.W. of A., was married to Miss Hattie Lee Reynolds, of Coleman, at the Baptist manse, Blairmore, by the Rev. James Sergeant.

Is. Do. Lee Finlay, of Frank, was married to Miss Silvia Mary Lasey, of Frank. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. James Sargeant at the manse, Blairmore.

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(From Lethbridge Daily Herald)

A copy of the souvenir number of the Coleman Miner has been received. It is a handsomely bound and profusely illustrated booklet that deserves much favorable comment. The articles dealing with the history of the town, its past, present and promises for the future are well written. The industries and business places, the educational institutions, churches etc. are described as well. The Coleman Miner is to be congratulated on the production of this handsome number.

The busiest and whitest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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How The Spanish River Train Wreck Happened

Sault Ste. Marie, Jan. 27.—Wm. Dundas of Ottawa, mail clerk on the ill-fated train, tells the following story:

"We left Nairn Centre at 15.24 and nothing unusual was noticed until we reached the bridge at Spanish River. When about half a train's length from the bridge I felt the train pulling in a very rugged manner behind and I knew that the train was off the track. For a distance the train pulled on, then I felt the air brakes applied. I kept on the train when I felt her pulling up, and directly we were going down on the side of the bridge. I jumped. Immediately the second class car jumped the track it struck an upright of the bridge and telescoped. The first part remained on the bridge and burned while the second half leaped into the stream, as did the other two coaches behind it. One half of the broken car took its victims with it. Those in the first half burned. Those in the second half were drowned. Directly on jumping from the train I looked to render some assistance. There were then only two women to be seen. I could not see anyone but the two women on our side of the river. Later we were joined by two men who were engaged in bridge construction, and we five worked and all could be for five hours before assistance reached us.

SLAV TOWN ROAD AGAIN

UNDER CONSIDERATION

The Coleman council met in the council chamber on Monday evening, January 24th. All members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

After this the plans for the proposed road over the flat to Slav Town were examined. A number of tenders had been received but no action had been taken yet.

H. Gate, sanitary inspector, drew the council's attention to the filthy condition of shacks 74 and 76. The council decided to have the shacks come down and requested the inspector to attend to this. As there was no further business the council adjourned.

W. H. De Long, of Lethbridge, was in town this week.

Mrs. (Rev.) T. M. Murray is suffering from a severe cold.

W. A. Martin of Frank, was in town on Thursday and Friday.

The "stork" has visited one of our staff, leaving him with a bouncing big 11-toe.

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A MEETING OF BOARD OF TRADE

The Proposed Road To Slav Town Is Again Delayed.

The Coleman board of trade met in the council chamber on Monday evening, 21st inst., President W. L. Ouimette and fourteen others were in attendance. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Messrs. Manly and Brandon reported progress with the petition in reference to the customs' branch at Coleman. It had been signed by over 70 and copies had been sent to Messrs. Frank Oliver and A. B. MacDonald. Word was received that the petition will receive due consideration.

The hospital question was next taken up. Alex. Cameron stated that this matter must be considered and suggested that all work together and make this a general hospital.

W. L. Ouimette was glad to welcome the new members and hoped to see them take an interest and attend all meetings. The road to Slav Town was also taken up by Mr. Cameron.

Rev. T. M. Murray asked what about the rates for loading coal if the Canadian Northern railway came through Coleman. Would the C. P. charge more? Rev. Mr. Murray thought the work of building the road to Slav Town should be hastened and thought the government should be called upon for help. E. Disney asked if any improvement was to be made in the road west of Slav Town. H. Gate thought that it would be some time before this road was improved. Rev. Mr. Murray again suggested that the department give assistance. Mr. Disney suggested that the road go south of the old road as the present one is marshy and boggy.

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Contractor

and

Builder

All kinds of carpenter work done on the shortest notice by first-class workmen.—No order too large, none too small

Having purchased a speed-did hearse, I am now in a position to offer my services for undertaking for very reasonable prices.

T. W. Davies
Coleman, Alberta

J. E. Upton

Best

Men's

Furnishing

Store

In

Coleman

High-Class Tailoring

E. Disney

Contractor, and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall

Plaster, Coast Flooring,

Mouldings, Doors and

Windows always on hand.

Cumber of all Kinds

Christmas

Oh, Christmas!

It is coming near, all who want Christ-

mas presents in endless variety see

Alex. Cameron's immense stock.

Cut glass, fancy clocks, watches from

the solid gold diamond mount down to

any price. Ladies Rings, solid gold,

from \$2.00 up. Brooches, Necklets,

Locketts, Silverware—the largest stock

yet. But, oh! The prices are so

catching. Old and young.

See the Christmas Cards at

Alex. Cameron's

Watchmaker, Optician

and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

The Elmsbury Ghost

It Appeared In Person to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.

"Going once. Going twice! Going three times and sold to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock for \$1,900!"

The auctioneer's hammer fell with a resounding thud and nearly grazed the nose of the purchaser.

" Didn't mean to damage a good customer," chuckled the man of the hammer as he pulled down the red flag above the gate and climbed into his buggy. "Come down to Lawyer Kitch's office, Ebenezer. Never, and well close the deal right there."

"Very well," said Ebenezer gruffly.

He watched the crowd of women tip-toeing out of the house and waited until the last one had passed through the gate, each with a surfeite glance at the new owner. He was aware that they marveled because he had bought a ghost ridden house.

When he was alone in the shadows of the tall oaks he looked up at the broad dark and forbidding building in the midst of rank weeds and wild flowers. It had been its original color; it was now faded to a dingy mustard hue, dotted with the dark green of heavy wooden shutters tightly closed.

There were years and years when the shutters had never been closed. Those were the days before old Simon Elmsbury's granddaughter had run away with the schoolteacher and had consequently been disowned by the old man. Simon had left the house and land and furniture to the Foreign Missionary society, and now, five years after his death, had put it up at auction, and Ebenezer had bought it at much below its real value.

It was well known that Simon would have opposed his granddaughter's marriage to Ebenezer. Ebenezer was self-sufficient to wish to keep her at his side to wait upon him, for she was the only relative he had.

"Let us come and live with you, grandfather," Cornelia had pleaded with her arms around his neck. "You will like Henry better when you know him. But the obdurate old man had angrily flung her aside, and the next day the girl had married to Henry Stone and disappeared from Alberta.

After that Simon Elmsbury closed the main part of the house and lived in the east wing for ten years, and then he died without one relenting word to Cornelia. The Stones had never been heard from since their departure for Melville. No one knew where they had gone, and they were alive. Old Simon Elmsbury went to the grave unattended by any relative.

Since Simon's death gossip had it that the house was haunted. On stormy nights, the credulous said, the old piano tinkled softly behind the closed shutters, and a woman's thin, sweet voice was heard singing in low tones. The piano was silent, but the voice was heard in the tull of stirring wind or dashing rain. On other nights all was still. Some claimed that Cornelia was dead and that her sweet spirit came back to sing in the rooms of the old home, where she had spent a happy girlhood.

In spite of ghostly rumors, Ebenezer had been compelled to move his mind to give up board in the village hotel and occupy a home of his own. The Elmsbury place suited him. It was near his harness shop, and the east wing was just large enough to serve his simple purposes. As for the main portion of the house, he gave it over to rats and mice and mold.

Now when he was alone he entered the silent door, breaking rustily on its hinges in the south breeze that swept the yard. On the second door a door banged loudly. Ebenezer started and then, with an exclamation of disgust, entered the house.

A long, dark hall stretched away intoinky blackness, and to the right and left open doors gave glimpses into dark rooms faintly illuminated with candles placed there by the auctioneer.

Ebenezer crept in and out of the rooms filled with decaying furniture, carefully blowing out the candles. Upstairs the candles were flickering strangely, and there was a chill in the large north bedroom as if from an open window. The curtains and shadows were slightly shivering and tattered.

Once outside again, he turned the great brass key in the front door with an involuntary sigh of relief. The east wing had a separate entrance and was shut off from the rest of the house by a sealed door. A day's work by black Anna would make the wing very habitable for him and his bachelor belongings. Ebenezer did not want a housekeeper—he detested women.

He had lived in the Elmsbury place for three weeks before he heard the singing ghost. It was the 21st of September, and the equinoctial gale was shaking the old house to its very foundations. Ebenezer had gone to bed, but he could not sleep. The wind screamed through the wide chimney and whistled and moaned in the windows. The roar of falling rain drowned all sound save the whistling wind. There were crashing sounds beyond the walls, and Ebenezer fell to thinking of the gale.

It was then that the wind paused for breath and the rats fell more lightly. From a distance came the echoing jangle of an old piano touched by time.

Id fingers and a mere thread of melody in a woman's voice; then the rain continued its monotonous beat, and he heard the music no more.

Some get by living on memory. He resolved to lay the luring ghost if possible, and so the next day when a watery sun rendered the house a little less dreary he lighted a lantern and unsealed the door that led into the other side of the house.

The house was quite dusty and forlorn as on the day he had bought it, but he did not stop to look at the little piano which stood open just as Cornelia Elmsbury had left it so many years ago, with a relived sheet of music upon the rack.

He scurried through the rooms with a half realization that some slender spirit was flitting through the rooms away from his contaminating presence.

A few weeks afterward he heard a strange storm of wind and rain and again he heard the ghostly music. Ebenezer had a twinge of the rheumatism that night, and he was very irritably trapped on the wall with his cane. The music stopped abruptly, and he did not hear it again, although there were many storms that day.

One winter evening, when the old piano was unsealed by a blinding snow-storm, Ebenezer awoke from his first sleep with every muscle aching and drawing with pain. Rheumatism held him a captive. For hours he groaned dimly, conscious that the fire in his air tight stove was nearly out at a time when he needed heat. There was no ministering hand to apply hot compresses to his swollen joints and muscles or to allay his torture with soothing liniments.

It was then that the ghost came again—this time with groping fingers from the sealed door. It knocked gently and spoke to him in faint, frightened whispers.

"Go away!" shouted Ebenezer wrathfully. "Go away! man, you ain't got no right to be here! You ain't got no right to be here!"

There was a silence, and presently Ebenezer's thick, grizzled hair stood almost upright on his head. Ghostly footstep sounded in the rooms over his head and softly, tap, tap, down the narrow staircase that opened into his bedroom.

The ghost beside his bed gave forth a faint, mournful sigh, and Ebenezer, thoroughly frightened for the first time in his life, watched with fascinated eyes the slowly opening door at the foot of his couch.

Tall and slender and pale, she stood before him at last, her tender blue eyes filled with pitying tears. Perhaps she was far more old now, but the frankness of her gaze made her appear much younger.

"I could not bear to hear you moaning with pain all alone. My husband used to have rheumatism before he died, and I know just what to do," she said in a low tone.

"Ma'am!" gasped Ebenezer. "Ma'am!"

He watched her slender figure as it moved across the room, and then his cheering warmth brought relief to his aching limbs. She heated water and dangled cloths and applied soothing liniments with very human fingers.

When the lines of suffering had relaxed and Ebenezer's face still sought her questioning eyes sat down in a low chair and spoke somewhat sadly.

"I'm Mrs. Stone—Cornelia Elmsbury that was. I've been living here four years."

"Here—in this house? How?" demanded Ebenezer dubiously.

"In the big back attic," said Cornelia, with a little smile. "It looks out on the tall chestnut woods; you know, and the short clumps of coniferous forest. I often left the cellar full of coal and wood. I've got it real comfortable up there, and on stormy nights I'd come down in the dark and play on my piano till you drove me away. I used to walk over to Belton on dark evenings and get all my groceries and things. It was hard work, but it was heaven to me to get home again after a long walk through."

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"What made you ride? What did you do it for?" asked Ebenezer excitedly.

"My husband was poor. He died and left a little insurance money—just enough to buy my food and not enough to pay rent. My eyesight is so poor I cannot work, and so I thought I would have to come back here. I heard the place was haunted, but it was my own by rights. I knew I'd be welcomed if I only knew I was here!"

"Poor little thing!" burbled Ebenezer pityingly. "Stay here just as long as you like!" There was a long silence after that, while the little wifey cried happily before the fire. Ebenezer was thinking rapidly. "If you ever get married again, I'll be your best man."

"I'm afraid that is not in your power. I appreciate your kind thought, Wakuru, but while I am not rich by any manner of means I have enough to support me comfortably, and I have learned that to have a competence is to be happy."

"All I believed all Americans to be right," signed Wakuru. "Nevertheless, if you are happy, I can make you still more happy if your honoree will follow me." He paused suggestively, and I, somewhat amused at his persistence, arose and followed him down the ancient sagged back to the very waist of the temple.

Here, beneath a thick network of clinging vines, a small door so suddenly contrived that it seemed part of the temple wall.

Wakuru produced a bronze key and unlocked the door. He pushed it inward and beckoned for me to precede him. In an instant he was beside me, and the door was closed.

We were in a low vaulted passage beneath the floor of the shrine, and before us was a flight of narrow stone steps.

At the foot of these my servant opened another door and then another, presently ushering me into a small, square stone chamber, lighted only by the paper lantern that Wakuru had produced from nowhere when we entered the building.

In the faint pink light I could distinguish a square stone sarcophagus. It was all save a low stone seat about the walls.

I watched Wakuru with interest as he approached the coffin and with some marvelously feot of strength pushed

WATSON AND HIS WORK.

is a Powerful Poet But Does Not Apply Himself Very Much.

The English poet, William Watson, whose recent poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," has attracted much notice, is an interesting man who for many years regarded as a confirmed bachelor. He has surprised his friends, however, by recently getting married to a beautiful Irish lady.

He has not, of late, been very productive, and his brother, Mr. Robin Watson of Montreal, in conversation with the writer, has more than once remarked that his brother is not quite sixtieth. Not only has Mr. Watson the Government pension of \$1,500, but some years ago he came in for a considerable fortune, and his brother in Montreal, a rich man, and his wife, a widow, are residing too.

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Late Designs in Bodices and Skirts

THE costume in two distinct pieces—a well-fitting waist and a well-hung skirt—is greatly to the fore. The latest novelties in the effects, which are so becoming to graceful figures, are still seen, but fashion is now giving them little over-decorations, which make them far too fine for any except the dressy. The "Princess Effect" is a separate jupe and the separate corselet that woman's everyday comfort must depend, and if she wishes to express the style of fashion, her waist must show, to a great extent, very full sleeves, and her walking skirt, at least, be short all around.

The "costume"—the dress which shows the dressiness of the waist and the fullness of the skirt—has become the latest in the way of skirt drapings; while many a fine bodice looks no more than a bit of the skirt material applied to a lace bodice, the waist of the skirt is the "Princess Effect." These bodices accompany skirts of various sorts, but it is the right thing to make the difference between the two. These pieces vary definitely at some points. In other words, there are all kinds of bodices, as if it were made for the cut of the skirt with which it is worn. So the lace bodice, with the low cut of the cloth belt and back, and front, is the latest for with the button point as with all others in matters of dress. Fashion has only one commandment—"Consider the fitness of things."

Draped bodices go handsomely with draped skirts, while the plainer skirt with hip yoke or box or side plates when for street service, demands a coat in the same material to give an entirely smart

stamp, though if the jupe is black a style coat in any other material is permissible.

Most bodices are the novelty cuttings

and since the jupe is so much cut up these need not be in double widths, as formerly, but out to accommodate the latest colorless blues and greens, held the hold in point of maturity, but the novelty materials are often such a blur of various that it is impossible to tell what is what.

Figure A.

The mission of this waist

is to be trimmings, for it is only a

trimmed version of the shirtwaist, and

may be made far more plainly than here

while with the little trimming now used

the waist would be more than

material for quite dressy houses and street

use. The bodices and all the others would

be most satisfactory if made on a fitted

style, and not on a straight.

The

waist is the

skirt is the

41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE

FRANK

BLAIRMORE

COLEMAN

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

Pacific Hotel

Mrs. F. Williams

Late of Coal Creek and Fernie,
Proprietress

Temporance Hotel

Is the place to stop when
in town. Good accommoda-
tions for travellers.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

Hotel
ColemanW. H. Murr
Proprietor

Rates, \$2.00 per day.

Water Works, Steam Heat
and
Electric Light throughout

Steam Heated Sample Rooms

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe
and guaranteedSparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey
Brandy
Gin
Ports
Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News
Company, Limited

Subscription \$2.00 per Year in Advance

Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Manager

T. B. BRANDON, Editor

Coleman, Friday, January 28, 1910

IN SIGHT

Now, that incorporation is just about to be an established fact, the citizens should again take an active part in the affairs of Coleman as this will be the most important step in the history of the town. The many questions which render incorporation necessary should be a matter of common interest. Too much interest was never taken in municipal affairs. Because we have a sane and energetic council should be no excuse for dropping off again into a municipal lethargic sleep.

ASQUITH RETURNED

The elections in the British Isles have resulted in the return of the Asquith government with a reduced majority. The result is gratifying to all believers of democratic government. The result is damaging to the hereditary principle. A man can no more be born a statesman than he can a lawyer.

To some minds the present struggle between the lords and the commons has been a struggle that has a bloody precedent in the French revolution of 1830. The underlying principle of that struggle was extortion practised by the barons in regard to the land. Examine to-day the underlying principle of the budget and ask why the lords are opposing it. Mainly on the increment tax on the land. A victory for the liberals to-day is a quiet and peaceful victory for the common people who have had in the past to pay for the music that lingers in the retreating walls of the so-called "lords of the land."

DEVELOPMENT

To some men spiritual development is everything in this world, to other men intellectual development is the upstaged desire, while to others physical development holds them in such sway that the starved mind becomes inert and benumbed to the aesthetic things of this life. No man should stand before an audience and clamor for one and only one. That all are conducive to living a more perfect and better and useful life is certain. The great Master demands of us our best, and without spiritual, mental and physical development we fail to render the best that is in us. Sermons have been preached alluding to only one development and such sermons must fail in their appeal.

Some have argued that our physical development is the basis for the development of our mental and spiritual faculties, and if so our mental and spiritual faculties must be of great importance in the great hereafter. A spiritual development without the mental must be narrowed and incomplete. And so with the reverse. Simultaneous development should be the text.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The agitation against the cost of higher living has at last reached a tangible outcome that must result in a clean smash at the monopolists who would starve nations into buying food that is almost a luxury.

The latest improvements in

dairy commodities is the substitution of castile soap for dairy butter. Or the latest improvement is a messenger who needs it. For further particulars apply to P. O. Box 2497, Cowley.

Among the more probable happenings that will take place is the erection of a zinc smelter at Frank, or more probably the reconstruction of the unused smelter building there now.

With the G. T. Pacific and Canadian Northern completed, the Hudson Bay railway and Georgia Bay canal under way Canada should have no need to fear the future.

W. J. Bryan and G. G. Meikle editor of the Michel Reporter, may differ in their social moralising opinions but one fact remains that proves conclusively that each have one thing in common end that is they were both born in the 19th century.

The Saturday Post, published at Winnipeg, undertakes to deride the Hon. Winston Churchill. One passage in particular refers to the young statesman as "a ranting insincere windbag," which is a good product of the very tiding it seeks to call down.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary, should become more conversant with the speeches and their delivery by Mr. Churchill and then form an opinion that is worth giving to the public. In the campaign which is almost closed, Churchill read the major portions of his speeches from manuscript. He proceeded with his budget theories in a cool, logical and argumentative manner.

His sphere of action lay in the north of England and Scotland and the returns from these northern constituencies were the only encouraging election reports that cheered the liberals. The electors of the north of England and Scotland have never been led away by demagogic speeches, and they are as solid a class of electors that can be found. The Post should take a course of journalistic instruction from the institute of technology which is under the presidency of professor Dewey, who, the other day emphasized the necessity of accurate observation as a basis for accuracy in present day politico-economic development.

Students to-day do not receive sufficient training in the art of observation.

HOCKEY

A fast game of hockey was played on the rink on Tuesday night between the office staff of the International Coal & Coke Co. and the boys of the Coleman hotel. The play was even throughout and some splendid work was done. The score at the end stood 4-2 in favor of the Coleman hotel. Another game will be played between the same teams next Tuesday.

Following are the players:

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Coleman Hotel. | L. C. & C. Co. |
| D. Graves, goal | T. Lorgue |
| W. C. Green, point | B. J. Nicklin |
| D. J. McIntyre, point | J. Williams |
| C. Higgins, rover | Margach |
| J. B. Hall, centre | W. Davidson |
| R. B. Lead, r. wing | E. C. Crawford |
| R. Ferguson, l. wing | D. McCauley |
| B. C. McWha, referee, | |



MR. NORVAL MACGREGOR

The Great Scotch Actor.

Who appears with the Jeanne Russel Co. at the Coleman Opera House
to-morrow night

Stocktaking near--stirs
up wonderful values

A Clean-up Sale !

Sale of

Men's Clothing

25 Men's Tweed Suits—good patterns, excellent quality, A1 workmanship. When we tell you these are 20th century goods, you will wonder why we offer them at the price. Well, the reason is that fancy worsteds are now in the lead, and tweeds are being neglected; but when you have an opportunity of buying such Suits as these, worth \$15.00 to \$18.00 each, for

\$8.00

we think you will be anxious to secure one. Come early, while you have a good range to choose from.

Men's Shirts.

A clear up in odd lines—a variety of patterns and colors, some with collar attached. Soft fronts, the oddments of the season's selling, sizes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, 16, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$, 17 and 17 $\frac{1}{2}$. Price to clear

only 75c. each.

Men's Caps.

5 dozen Men's Cloth Caps, with Fur Bands. Worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50, clearing at

only 75c. each

Ladies' Golf Jackets

Cardinal, Navy, White. Worth \$2.50, clearing at

only \$1.50 each

Linoleums

About a dozen ends of Linoleum, from 2 yards to 6 yards each, 2 yards wide. If you can use one of these you will save money.

A Sale of

Ladies' Fine Shoes

We find an overstock of small sizes and will clear 43 pairs Fine Shoes, worth from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a pair, for only \$1.50 a pair

—Please bear in mind—
the sizes are 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4—

Ladies' and Children's Underwear
at clearing prices

New Arrivals :

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Ladies' Lawn Waists, | Gingham |
| " Colored " | Art Sateens |
| Tapestry Curtains | Ducks |

W. L. Ouimette

Canadian Coal Consolidated Co., Limited

Miners and Shippers of Bituminous Coal.

Three grades Screened, Mine Run and Slack

Frank,

Alberta

Western Canada's Greatest Favorite

MISS JEANNE RUSSELL

and the

Jeanne Russell Co.

COLEMAN OPERA HOUSE

Saturday, January 29

MATINEE AND NIGHT

Will present J. M. Barrie's greatest Scotch creation

"The Little Minister"

Special Scenery and High Class Specialties

Special Musical Programme by
THE JEANNE RUSSELL ORCHESTRA

Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c

COLEMAN CARTAGE CO.
and General Contractor

Estimates given on all classes of
work, excavation, cement or
Stone work
Sole agents for the McGillivray
Creek Coal & Coke Company
Local Coal.

O. N. ROSS

Office in the Coleman Hotel



MISS JEANNE RUSSELL

In "The Little Minister" at the opera house tomorrow night

The "Lion and the mouse" which was played last Friday night by the Summers Stock Company, was well put on and brought forth much applause from the audience. Miss Stevenson, the leading lady, proved a strong character and won the sympathy of all. The next appearance will be greeted by a larger audience still.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

Miss Jeanne Russell and the greatly augmented Jeanne Russell Co. offer "The Little Minister", J. M. Barrie's greatest Scotch creation—the leader of the best in Scottish comedy dramas.

The Jeanne Russell Co. now carry sixteen artists and present only the latest eastern repertoire successes, also elaborate scenery for which they are already famous, and are conceded to be the most thoroughly equipped company and second to none of any company playing throughout the Dominion.

The offering here "The Little Minister" is one of the best attractions offered by the Russell company and presents an opportunity of seeing practically the entire company at their best. The scenes all being laid in Scotland will present an elaborate stage setting, the best ever seen on the local stage and the most stupendous production ever offered here.

A special musical program of Auld Scotch airt etc. has been arranged by the Jeanne Russell Peerless Orchestra and the specialties to be offered are the best and most amusing. Also dancing and operatic songs.

The grand chorus by the entire company is an attractive feature and will no doubt be well received.

Come awa' doon, and ye'll ha'e a gey guid nicht wi' the auld Scotch play, the auld Scotch songs, and the guid auld Scotch tongue.

A Few of our Souvenirs
remain, 25c. each.

T. W. HILLS

Plasterer

Work neatly executed
Write to Blairmore Alberta

Advertise in this Paper

Where you Get Results !!

Save Money
Buy Here and

If you want to get a better
pay call in for interview
our new stock. You get
a hundred cents worth for
every dollar when spent
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J. A. RUDD
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Land. Land.

For Sale in B. C.

Farm Lands. Fruit Lands. Grazing Lands
In tracts from 1 acre up to 100,000 acres.
Prices from \$1.00 per acre up.
Call and see us regarding this Big Sale.

Post Office Building, Main St.

Telephone 106
Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Pack Horses and Competent guides furnished to Parties desirous of taking Hunting and Fishing Trips.

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a trial, no matter how small—"No order too big, none too small."

J. B. MILLER

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in

The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and coking coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.
Limited

McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.
Limited

Coleman

Alberta



LILLE HOTEL

IT FLASHED FOR THROCMORTON.

And Revealed the Secret of His Sweetheart's Murder.

By BUSHROD C. WASHINGTON.
"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the chief of twelve solemn-faced men in the jury box.

"We have," replied the foreman, handing a folded paper to the clerk, who read aloud the endorsement on the back. "We, the jury, and the prisoner guilty or innocent of the first degree, as charged in the indictment."

"William Throcmorton," said Judge Smithson, with judicial sternness, "after a fair trial, defended by able counsels, you stand convicted of the cruel and deliberate murder of Olive Graham."

"It has been shown that the young woman had promised to become your wife. Her parents, confiding in your honorable intentions, had recognized you as her accepted lover, and the door of their home was open to you."

"While the motive in your crime is not apparent, the facts which fester in it upon you are linked in a chain of circumstances strong and incontrovertible."

"You stood with Olive Graham on the porch of her home; an instant later her cry for mercy was heard by her parents above the storm-tumult raging. Hearing the sound of assistance, they hastened to murder the girl or the slope of the hill a rod from the door."

"You were taken soon after, as it were, red-handed, the bloody knife with which the deed was done having been found upon your person."

"You have pleaded not guilty, but have not disproved a single fact the state alleged against you."

"The point of your crime as by stander died is death. Have you anything to say why the sentence should not be pronounced?"

Throcmorton was a physical manhood, well knit, erect, with a character as straight as his form. He held a medal from "the management" and was the wearer of the gift of grateful passengers when he had taken the service of his employer. "Throe," as they called him, was more than liked. He was loved by the grimy roadmen.

When the last word fell from Judge Smithson, the character of the man and the stubborn facts of the case stood in solemn contrast. In such a quiet character was lost.

"The court adjourned, and the scene straight into the eyes of the judge. There was nothing of the bravado in his manner, neither tremor nor sign of weakening.

"If it pleases your honor," responded the prisoner, rising as he spoke, "it will shock you and all present when I say I fought for Olive Graham and her parents, when I was compelled to say it in the face of the evidence? Had I sat with the jury I must have come to their verdict. I am ready, your honor, for the sentence."

Moved by some sudden impulse, the judge turned to the sheriff and said in a faltering voice: "Remove the prisoner and return him for sentence to the court of this court. The day and the court will later indicate."

Old Graham was a pensioned track inspector, who loved the thunder of trains and scream of whistles.

He had built his house thirty feet from the railroad. Just back of it and extending down to the track was an abrupt twenty-foot cliff of shale, the perpendicular face of which was sheer. It was in front of it that they found the body of Olive.

No. 43, just run out of the roundhouse, had backed up and coupl'd to the St. Louis Express. It was Tom Doyle's pet engine.

Doyle was looking from the cab window for the signal to start. As an engine, he had a good record to Throcmorton. He was Tom's next friend and was to have been best man at his wedding.

He believed Throcmorton was innocent because he couldn't believe otherwise. But there were the facts, and when he thought of them there was a jump in his throat.

Tom Doyle, a fireman, had just given the gong when a squad of the boys came by.

"What's the news?" asked Ted.

"Throe's guilty an' got to swing," came back from the crowd.

"Fifty juries couldn't make me believe Throe killed Olive Graham," said Doyle, emphasizing with his fist on his chest.

The day had been sweltering, clouds had gathered, and the night was black. It was down grade, and Tom Doyle, with hand on throttle valve and eye on the rails, was ready to slack at the curve.

The storm had burst, and just as the engine struck the curve a flash of lightning lit up the face of the cliff. The sight Tom Doyle saw made him feel and grip the lever.

"A letter for Mr. Abesom Conway," called out Goggin, the worthy proprietor of a gambling den in one of the big cities, putting emphasis on "Mr. Abesom." "That's you, Ab. I reckon" he added, tossing him the letter.

Mr. Conway eyed the letter full a second, and looking curiously over his shoulder, took the envelope.

"Friend A. They say my nerves is breakin' an' I must run half time or throw up. I'll give my run with you, as it is my nerves

don't mend yours is the job for good. Right away you must come. An' I'll send you in."

In the cab of No. 43 sat Abesom Conway to divide the run with Doyle. Ted Elsie was fireman. There was distant thunder; big drops began to patter and the wind raised. A storm was on.

"Jump into the cab, Ted, just 'fore we strike the curve," said Doyle below his breath as he put foot on the engine step.

Forked fire tore the sky, shattered telegraph poles and played in blue flames around the engine wheels as they sped onward.

A flash of tremendous voltage, and the cliff glowed white within the headlong's circle.

Conway's hand dropped from the lever, and he stood dazed and trembling.

"Me and Ted saw it, Ab," said Doyle.

"In mercy's name, what made you do it?"

Before he could catch himself Conway explained. "She jitied me, I awoke and never heard many Throcmortons."

"How did Throe come by the bloody knife?" asked Doyle.

"I dropped it into his coat pocket as I dashed by him halfway back to town," replied Conway, who, becoming dazed, quit answering.

The radius of a circle drawn in chalk on the smooth face of the rock marked the place where the headlight focused as the engine entered the curve.

Engineering apparatus had been set opposite to Professor White of the state university. It was connected by wires with the town power house.

Judge Smithson, members of the bar and representatives of the press were present. Old Graham and his wife stood by, Throcmorton supporting them, and Tom Doyle, with 1st, was much in evidence.

Lightning struck from Professor White an intense light from the apparatus, whether natural or artificial, and it is

RIBBON FILLETS.

In All Gowns to Suit Time, Place and the Girl.

With the classic cults so much in vogue any number of modifications of the old idea have appeared to tempt maidens to adorn her tresses. Where the woman's hair is short or too curly bound her locks of an evening with a simple band of ribbon or velvet in place every time it was put on by her own more or less skilled fingers, now the girl and the woman of every age slip into place day as well as night some fetching little contrivance to add to the elaborateness to suit the occasion with a more trouble than the adjusting of a mat and sure of the artistic result.

In the accompanying cut are shown a few of the most attractive of the new hair ornaments. Most of them, as may be seen, are fillets of ribbon twisted, adorned with a wire foundation to fit the hair, and bent at the ends just enough to insure the ornament's staying in place without uncomfortable pinning. The rose is a perennial favorite for hair decoration, whether natural or artificial, and it is

so delicate that it is easily bent. A rule Mr. Bowser comes down to breakfast to do more or less growing. He has had trouble in finding his collar button, necklace and cuffs, and a long time ago his missing hairbrush had been discovered under the bed. He sits at table and takes over the rolls, about the coffee, and declares that his bad egg is a year old. When he departs for the office it is with the feeling that he is a martyr and that the world owes him a debt of gratitude for suffering as he does without becoming desperate and murdering somebody.

The other morning Mrs. Bowser received a surprise. There was no roar heard upstairs after she came down, and when Mr. Bowser appeared he was calm and placid. He even had a smile on his face. The coffee and rolls and eggs were all right. Not a threat to cripple the baker for life or slay the grocer on sight. After coffee, Mrs. Bowser took a walk and, after noticing that the rolls were scared and puzzled, Mrs. Bowser asked:

" Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"Never better," was the reply.

" Haven't got a headache this morning?"

" Not a sign of one."

Bowser's Real Obligation.

She couldn't make it out and was wondering over it when he said:

" I'm not going to the office today. There's little doing, and there's a few

new hair ornaments.

no surprise to find this used more than any other flower, attached to each end of the wire.

Another variation, however, is seen in one of the groups. Here attached to one end of a band of twisted ribbon in the shape of a heart is a cluster of natural looking cherries. A few green leaves and two tiny loops of cherry-colored velvet are fastened in with the stems of the fruit. Another dainty design is a half circle of downy cherries, interspersed with foliage and pale green ribbon. This also is a wire foundation with a peachbowl vase. It was planned off, rehung, and it opened and shut again, so prettily and so joyously as a clasp—not a kick, not a wrench, not a yell. No wonder Mrs. Bowser's voice trembled as she viewed the completed work and asked:

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